



OLD PAP PINKHAM

Bringing the President Closer to Jericho

My dear Mr. President: Although you consumed previous to election that you would not accept a second term, of course that was pure bluff, and so understood. You will work both and toward for it, and, being your position here, and wishing to have to my job, I shall aid you all I can.

I want you know the people of Jericho or they say so when your little second term begins in town we can lay our wires understandingly. As goes Jericho so goes the President.

Lish Pinner, Almer Jones, and Moses Plumber has been holding Jericho back for the last two years from being a new schoolhouse. The matter has come up almost every evening at the postoffice, and has been argued, but they couldn't be budged. The other night a mighty smart looking stranger was stopping in town, and it was arranged that the schoolhouse side and put the three obstructors on their backs. The stranger was on hand at the hour named, and when the proper minute arrived Senator Josiah speaks up and says:

"Stranger, if you was a resident of this town, would you be for the schoolhouse or against it?"

"I'd be for it, of course," replied the man. "I'd vote for the cause of education if I had to live on one meal a day. It is education that makes a nation. The less education the more vice and wickedness."

"That's just the way I look at it," says the Senator. "I've seen education before everything else, but we've got men in this town who differ with me. You wouldn't think that teachers of a town would be against schoolhouses, would you?"

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BOWSER'S TROUSERS

The Creases Run off on a Tangent.

No friends could have been more powerful and happy than that of the Bowser at 7 o'clock the other evening. Mrs. Bowser had a book in her hands, Mr. Bowser the evening paper, and the family cat laid on the hearth rug and purred and chuckled and decided that she had a soft snap for the winter. Without, cold winds blew and snowflakes fell; within were warmth and cheer and contentment. By and by, however, the influence, and he looked up from his paper and said:

"Well now, this is home! What reasonable man could ask for more than this?"

"Yes, it is cozy," answered Mrs. Bowser. "How a man can leave a fireside like this to hang out at a club is more than I can make out. If all men had homes like this there would be nothing but happiness in married life. Why can't all men be like you?"

Mrs. Bowser took the alarm at once. Every wife knows that her husband is dangerous when too good. She started to say something about a neighbor's child being sick, but he interrupted her with:

"I am glad and satisfied that you are happy," he replied, "but don't you think I'd be glad if the way some of the contentment men use their poor horses? One was going just here today when—"

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P. L. Q. INTERVIEWS

An Interview with a Senator and His Whiskers

When you enter the presence of Senator Jim Ham, you do not at first notice his noble forehead, his keen and observant eyes, and his finely poised head. You notice his whiskers instead.

At first glance they seem to be all of him, but you gradually make out other parts to the statesman.

You have never seen whiskers to compare with these. All others were but the down of a gosling.

They lead the roots of the hair, and end at the last vest button, and they are as wavy as the wool of a young lamb.

Senator Lewis is supposed to wear a shirt, at least while on duty, but whether he does or not cannot be told for his whiskers.

He may smile or he may sneer—the whiskers hide it.

He may be as placid as a clam in a caldron, or he may be as surly as a tornado of emotion, but those whiskers hide it all.

There are Senators who deny that Senator Lewis is much of a statesman, but when it comes to whiskers, they shed tears in the crony.

If ex-Senator Lorimer had had such whiskers that he could not have been convicted of bribery.

It is possible that he could have been convicted of bribery.

A second and third term would have awaited Chauncey Depey had he had such whiskers and his vest buttons with whiskers.

A camp meeting would have to shut up about it. So the Senator came striding along with those whiskers.

Buffalo Bill's Wild West in its prime days could not have drawn against him had he put the tickets at a dime.

The P. L. Q. Man had been gazing at the Senator for five long minutes, wondering if a sound issued from those whiskers and resolved itself into the words:

"What in blazes are you looking at?"

"I beg pardon, Senator," called out the P. L. Q. Man. "I am looking at your whiskers."

"Senator Jim Ham," Lewis, having of lately separated himself from the less musical portion of his legislative name, is now, unless report be slander, seriously considering separating himself from the whiskers that have been his pride, his glory and his chief distinction.

"Humph," growled the whiskers after the P. L. Q. Man had been reading the item had been read.

"Senator, I am here at the earnest entreaties of ninety-five million people."

"What in the devil do they want?"

"This clipping has been read from Maine to California. Wherever two men have met they have talked it over."

"It has been discussed at meetings of the sewing societies."

"The orators of the day have read it from their Fourth of July platforms."

"Millions of voices have cried out: 'No, no, it must not be!'"

"What must not be?" asked the whiskers.

"You must not separate from the Senator."



HE HOLDS A LEG IN EITHER HAND

that you look out for rats nights. They have been down to chew up a wolf robe in two hours.

"That is all, sir," said whiskers and the Senator as they arose together.

"All right, sir," said the Senator. "I shall be glad to have a clause in your will leaving the whiskers to me. I have a glass case on top of Plymouth Road. Good-by, Senator—good-by, whiskers."

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DER GERMAN COBBLER

He Has His Troubles with the Income Tax

Enterblydus vhas talking about dot income tax, and so I ask a man who vvents a lift on his heel how it vhas.

"At kine shous so easy ash some crosses," he says. "If you take in one million dollars, you pay dot income tax."

"By golly, but what vhas oot?"

"It is not so. I pay him two weeks ago."

"Who dot collector who comes here?"

"If you pay to a collector he vhas a job, and you must pay again or go to jail."

"But he says he vhas der United States?"

"He can't be even der State of Rhode Island, and you ought to haf kine dot. Look at me! I vhas der United States."

"I don't kill or rob anybody?"

"Yes, you do. You rob der government. You don't pay your income tax."

MR. SAMPLE'S SISTER

I was serving my first and only term of sheriff in an Indiana county when a smart-looking aged man, who gave the name of Samples, arrived at the county seat and gave out that he was looking around for a site for a large factory. He was a little over six feet tall, with a head of hair that was thinning, and the air of a man of business, and soon had the two bankers in the town and a crowd of curious people gathered in his project. His factory was to make a new kind of cloth out of what he called 'Perdumb'.

One day, while I was shivering in my boots and expecting to hear that the thirteenth horse had been stolen, a flash of light came to me. Every horse taken had gone south by a certain road. At a certain point all trace had been lost. A wilderness and had only been explored by hunters.

It was a big tangle, full of snakes and wildcats, and even herby pickers took good care not to penetrate two far. It flashed over me that the stolen horses instead of being run out of the State had been corralled in this swamp to wait until the hue and cry was over. Within two hours I had started for the swamp, accompanied by a constable. My pure good luck after a tramp half a day, I was coming upon a trail showing the hoofprints of horses, and

der man don't want any tax, but would like me to make him a pair of shoes for seven dollars. He says he don't do no more, however, as der United States has been after him six different times, and he has c'en become afraid of his milk-man.

Two minutes, and I vhas a wiser man. Maybe it vhas two weeks later when a young fellow came in and said he was a cobbler. I don't speak a word, but I shumps for him and knocks him down and brings him to his feet. A policeman comes and pulls me off, and den I find out dot

What? What? he shouts. "Hans! if you repeat dose words I make your tax ten thousand dollar and your sentence to prison one thousand years!"

"You shall haf one."

Und he writes one and signs her Tom Collins, and says: "I shall have no more tax to pay for ten years."

It vhas shous one more week when a man comes in and looks all around and says to himself:

"Yes, dis must be der place."



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